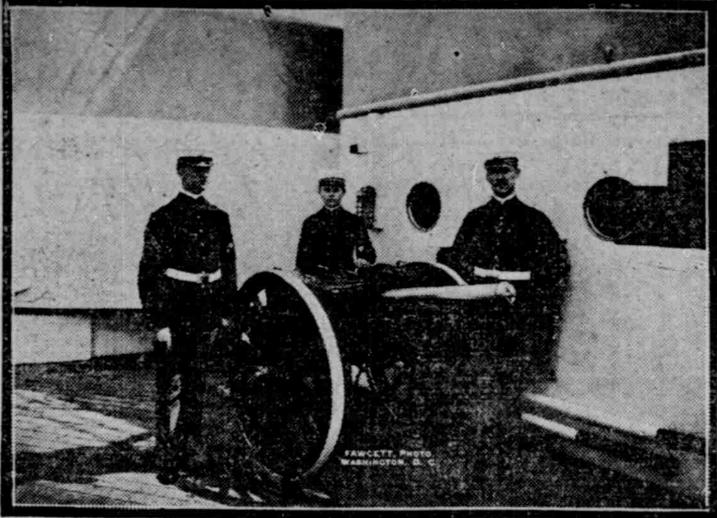


Taking Ammunition Aboard the Battleship Indiana



Marines and Gun on the Battleship Iowa

When Mary and I Were Wed

An Interesting Story of a Honeymoon and the Outcome

By JOHN FOSTER FRAZER

where the honeymoon was to be recollection of what occurred. spent. As Mary had never been face against "trappessing about," as she was kissed a few hundred times by all called it, although she did fancy it would

pound note on the Monte Carlo tables. thing she remarked it would be rather hot disturbed the servants, who were rapidly at Monte Carlo, and that she really had no

"Where on earth shall we go?" I ex- are.

We shall have-" "Yes, we shall have each other!"

"And you wouldn't like your poor little wifey to be horribly ill crossing the channel.

"Well, it would be a bad start to the honeymoon." "And the long railway journeys-you aunt paid.

know how they give me a headache. And, besides, neither of us speak-speak French | "Many of 'em!" muttered Billy. "Where very well, and I can just see you running you going for t' honeymoon?" round using dreadful English words, and of course blaming me for not remember-"My dear girl, do dry up"-we were so

fond of each other that we never hesitated lieve there was some rice thrown and some using slang-"and tell me where we shall

room, and then coming close to me as though she were about to impart a secret, "I have had the place in my mind for two "Now, that's wonderful!"

"When Mabel Watson and I went a walk-

ing tour in Derbyshire we stayed at such a quaint old cottage, all covered with-" "What, the country?" I cried, aghast. "Yes, the country. Is there anything very shocking about it?"

"But we'll be bored to death!" "Oh, yes, I dare ay you'll very soon get

tired of your wife, and that you'll yawn just got married? in front of my face and wish you were in Piccadilly or in some horrid club with your men friends; and you will grumble because the whisky isn't good-men always grumble about the whisky not being good, as though they hadn't something better to grumble about-and then you will be cross I don't look young, do I?" and I shall be miserable, and-and-" I hated the prospect. I never did like the country. It was much too tame. But, You are a tease. But it will be so beautiful still, I was going on my honeymoon, in the country, won't it?" and there would be no galleries of pictures | to admire, and no headaches acquired by

admiring them. Therefore Mary and I would have plenty of opportunities to quar- | with a casual sort of air, just as if it were | and the dales and wild nature to study. rel, so that it might not be so very dull an every-day occurrence for her to go off after all. "Oh, dear," said Mary, pleading for the

first time in her life, "It would be so lovely. I told Mabel that whenever I got married I would spend my honeymoon there, andand, Tom, you wouldn't disappoint this one dear wish I have?"

It's such a dear old place with a thatch roof and roses and honeysuckle trailing down the wall." ing up the wall."

"And slugs and snails and earwigs trail-Don't be horrid. And, oh! such dear little diamond-shaped window panes." "Which don't fit." 'How do you know?"

They never do. They are nice and loose, and they rattle so charmingly, and the rain gets in so easily. Oh, yes, it'll be a per-

"And, then, the cows-what fun it will be! I will be very brave, and not run away even if one does come to look at me. And if the cow's a bull and runs at us, you know, cerned, but I think that I would like just a novel and bright; strains of music would to start that moment also, but, like a wom-I will take my parasol and open it very suddenly, and then the bull will be frightened." "That will certainly be interesting." "Then there are the horses-they've got two horses, I think-and pigs--'

They will be delightful. And they grunt and make such a noise

We can go long walks over the meadows with long grass and buttercups and-" 'We'd better not do anything of the sort, or we shall hear some strong words from the farmer about spoiling his hay crop. "Don't farmers like people to walk through the long grass? "I don't think so.

"How selfish of them. But we can sit on the hillside among the wild rose bushes

"And all will be still and beautiful, "The inhabitants of an ant hill will be crawling all over us." "You will read Tennyson's 'Maud' to me, nice and gently like when you are very fond the papers, she was really admiring her days; it makes you read. Here's a volume

"Am I ever guilty of such conduct?" "Not often; but sometimes, when you're really good. And, oh! it will be like a lovely

"What will?" "Our honeymoon, silly! And there will be nobody to interrupt us, and all the world will be fair and beautiful, and the birds will sing, and the-the-the trees will grow, "My girl, you're ill or else you've been reading a novelette.

But, Tom, dear, you're not a bit roman-As far as I know nature will act in her customary idiotic and inconsistent manner, raining when we want to go out and giving us a chill through sitting on damp grass. "But isn't it beautiful to think that all

the birds are singing, and the-the-"Trees growing," I suggested. "All to make us happy!" "Oh, yes, it's very beautiful."

Tom, you've not got a single morsel of enthusiasm about you." "Well, anyway, let's go and ticket the presents.

There was the usual assortment of Jap-

anese paper knives--fancy five Japanese paper knives!-eight salt-cellars-I did expect a dozen, but we had to be content with eight-several tea canisters, four old chairs, two sets of fish knives and forks, and the customary number of useful and cheap articles with which newly married couples are incumbered.

The wedding went off in the usual manher. Mary was very beautiful-even I willsay that-and I-well, I was frightfully nervous. I was persuaded-foolishly, I admit-to have a new frock coat and new light-colored trousers and a new hat and new shoes and a white tie and lavender gloves and a huge flower in my buttonhole. dodest fellow that I am, as a rule, in the way of dress, I felt a perfect guy. They were so obviously labeled "these are new and purchased for the occasion" that I fancied it would be a good thing to roll on the floor just to knock the newness out of them. I had an abiding fear I would forget the ring or lose it, and every minute was fumbling in my waistcoat pocket to the lovely arcadian, honeysuckle-entwined see it was all right. However, it all passed cottage. It was a small right off without disaster except that I received farmer was a big man.

There be you an' you lage to her aunt's place because, it seems,

agreed upon everything except | her under my arms as far as I have any that stopt at ours a couple o' years sin'?" | The crowd there was in that little flat in Kensington! It was a hot day, and the Switzerland and the Italian lakes and come | Ing stunt The moment we were indoors | Mary took not the slightest notice of me, ing stuff! The moment we were indoors to prevaricate, so I just said in an easy Monte Carlo. But Mary set her but commenced laughing hysterically and

I was a simple nobody. I did think be rather jolly to speculate with a five- rather unfair that Mary should monopolize | Mary and I had to put up with the other the whole of everybody's attention. Jim, my best man, and I went into the to half sit on my knee, and half on the When I told her I would permit no such kitchen to have a whisky and soda, and splash-board. pagne. That was not the time to say any-

"You see, dear," said Mary, who was just of course avoided the necessity of a wed-deal o' good. then in one of her most complacent moods, fasts, if done properly, are somewhat ex- Inwardly I said something distinctly unfa- cottage in Derbyshire, when the hills are some time past, and, indeed, competent and is kept up so long as he has anything each week of the course there is a series won't want to go about sight-seeing, pensive, and Mary thought a reception would be much nicer, because then everydidn't manage to squeeze into the flat- | flew from the wheel, well that would be their fault and not ours. A wedding breakfast would only

have been the cause of jealousy. the drawing room and slew I don't know | ence would be all she expected. how many bottles of champagne. Mary's "Good luck, Franklin," they shouted when I entered the room.

"Derbyshire. "Derbyshire, eh! Love in a cottage, eh!" "Precisely!

It was a terrible crush and terribly hot. I was glad when 4 o'clock came and Mary and I had to start for St. Pancras. I beslippers. But we both rushed down those house. steps after the customary farewells as though the place were on fire; we jumped "Well," said Mary, glancing round the into the coach and we were off before even Bertie Sharp came tumbling after us, and he has fairly long legs. "So it's over!" sighed Mary. "Thank goodness, yes," I sighed in return.

"And I'm-I'm Mrs. Tom Franklin!" "Yes. Do you think it's better than Miss Mary Morrison?" "I-er-don't know." "But I'll tell you what's better than

"Mary Franklin!" "So it is. Isn't it pretty? I never thought

"Didn't you really?" won't-you won't let it be known that we've of our coming. She said as it had turned "Oh, no; certainly not." "We'll just have to pretend we've been

married for years and years." "We can hardly do that considering you're only nineteen." "Nearly twenty-twenty next month. But "No; you look quite matronly." "Oh, I don't; I know I don't look that.

"It's a bit heavy. I shouldn't wonder if we run into some rain." Mary walked up and down the platform on railway journeys. "It's rather a long ride, so you'd better | that I enjoyed them. buy some papers," she said.

"Why, to read. You don't suppose we'll be able to travel three or four hours without reading? "But, Mary, I didn't think you'd be in-

"Go and get some papers." and some of the comic papers and some that

"Do you think, dear, I should er-bribe the guard to give us a carriage to ourselves?" asked. "Certainly not!" "But-there might be some one else in the | lade don't-"

compartment, and-"Well, what then?" "I thought that as we've just got mar-

"Haven't I been married for centuries?" "Oh, yes, as far as everybody else is con- on the boulevards, all would have been wasn't going to tell Mary so. Mary wanted little kiss-that is, as your husband. "Husbands don't kiss their wives in rail- to the window and looked out. Drip, drip rather not, except, of course, as a sacrifice way trains, do they?" and Mary opened her | fell the rain! There were some big pud- | to her husband's wishes. eyes wide and tried to be mildly shocked at the suggestion. "I thought it was only shop | hung a mist. And the room was full of girls and people of that class who-who smoke! spooned in railway carriages." I felt abashed and went to look after the

We got a carriage to ourselves after all. We had it to ourselves for just five minutes. Before the train started an old lady and her son got in. I didn't mind the old lady, but that perfect beast of a son kept watching us. I've an idea he guessed the situation and enjoyed into ecstasies over the china shepherds on it. I think I once caught him grinning, and | the mantelpiece and the china dogs, which before we reached Rugby I had decided to | were three times the size of the shepherds, scalp him with the paper knife, and only and were fastened with painted gilt chains, refrained out of consideration for the ladies. Mary wouldn't talk. She told me to be quiet, for she wanted to look at the pictures. She most carefully took off her gloves and rolled them up and stowed them away in a mysteriously hidden pocket. Then, while she pretended to be looking at

"Will you let me look at some of the papers?" I inquired. 'Oh, you fidget! Why don't you be

"Because I want to talk to you." "Well, what do you want to say?" "Oh, nothing particular, but-er-" "It can wait. The most I could get out of Mary during

that long journey was an occasional stare, | ing her the truth. with a little laugh playing about the corners of her dainty lips. knew all along it would rain. "Ah, at last!" I exclaimed, in exulta-

tion at my worst fears being realized. This is rather a bad beginning. "It'll only make the country nice and "It'll make our shoes nice and dirty. I do hope dinner will be ready when we ar-

"Dinner!" and I noticed an awful dread steal over Mary's face. "Yes, dinner, I haven't ceased to want dinner because I'm now a"-then in a whisper, for that fellow in the corner was listening I was sure-"a married man." "I don't think there'll be any dinner, dear. You see, this is the country, and-

and they have dinner at 12 o'clock. "Dinner at 12 o'clock, and nothing-" "Oh, yes," said Mary, soothingly, "there is sure to be something. There's sure to be some tea, and some ham and eggs." Who ever heard of ham and eggs for tea?" I was in a state of collapse. "Mabel and I had ham and eggs for tea, and it was really nice." "Oh, but you were only schoolgirls, and anything will do for-"Sir! You knew you were coming into the country, so what's the good grumbling?

We'll have to live just like the natives." "Shall we?" "That's where the fun comes in." "Oh. does it?"

We got out at Millarsdale. The old lady lieve. They looked like Manchester people. The son did, anyway. There was a trap waiting to drive us to cottage. It was a small trap, and the

"There be you an' your lady, sir?" he i had walked down the church with her on had walked down the course not."

"Yes, this is my wife."

"Ah, gum, but thou be at one o't lasses "Oh, no, of course not."

"Yes, yes," acknowledged Mary, with a you a check to pay for our honeymoon ex-"but I've got married since then." "Aye, just so. An' be you married long?" What an inquisitive lot these country peo

ple are! But I wasn't going to allow Mary

The farmer occupied half the trap, and half. We managed it by my getting Mary

"It's turned out rather wet, hasn't it? I remarked for the benefit of Mary. "Oh, just so; but we could do wi' a lot "It's hardly the sort of weather visitors

"I suppose it'll clear up soon, remarked | body we knew could be invited and if they Mary, who had to dodge the mire which rain! We would have been in Paris if only-"Oh, yes, mum."

I nudged Mary when he said "mum," and | voice. almost choked in restraining a laugh. Still, Billy Wright, Ted Armitage and some the weather was horrible, and I intuitively more of the fellows got up in one corner of | felt that Mary was not sure this rural exist-"Your house is such a pretty one," said Mary to the farmer.

> some improvements." "Oh, indeed; that'll be very nice." "You see, it wur a bit leaky like, an' we've

the top of the trees?" "Yes, mum, it are." "Oh!" exclaimed Mary, a couple of min- more economical. So I told her that durutes later when we came close to the

"What is it?" I asked. "The roof-where's the thatch." "It got old an' we just took it off an' put a nice tile roof on.

A groan broke from us both. Mary was

"And the roses, and-and the honeysuckle, "Oh, just so. We had to clear all that rubbish off so as we could hav't place done like afore ony visitors come. It was a barren, patched place standing dismally wretched in the rain.

Poor little Mary's eye filled with teafs. "It's all my fault," she sobbed. "No, it isn't my darling; it'll be all right. Then we went into the house and were received by Mrs. Simpson, a homely old body, "No, really. Eh-seh! Tom, dear, you who had put on a clean apron in honor out wet and she had lit a fire in the sitting

room. We were thankful. But we found the room filled with smoke. "I do'ant know what's matter w'it chimno fire since April.' It was a little low-roofed room, with

chairs stuffed with horsehair. I wasn't enamored with the house. would never do, however, to find fault, for that would break Mary's heart. So I cheerfully rubbed my hands and said it | would be rather jolly-when the rain lift- A gust of wind blew a volume of smoke honeysuckle, but-but there were the hills True enough there was ham and eggs. Perhaps it was because I was so hungry | you would prefer to slip over to Paris-

Mary put her hand in mine. "Tom, dear, are you quite happy?" "Quite, my darling-just half a cup

"You're not sorry you've come here?" "Sorry? What nonsense! Pass the mar-"You know, Tom, I was a little afraid So I went and purchased the illustrateds | that it was going to turn out a-what you

call a frost. "Oh, no, it's quite jolly; far from the madding crowd sort of business is so novel. | disappoint you, and-and Italy is really It's far better than frivolous Paris-no, beautiful, is it?" not one more, thank you. I've already had three eggs, and besides, eggs and marma-"And you're glad to have your little

wifey with you?" "Glad! I should think I am." Still, in Paris the sun would have been shingin, there would have been gay crowds have come from the cafes and- I went | an, she was trying to make out she would dles in the roadway. Across the fields

"Oh, this is sublime," I said. "What is sublime, dear?"

"Don't be so stupid. What did you say was sublime? "The weather, when it is fine!" "Did you?

When dusk closed in we had a lamp with a weak light and a strong smell. We went "It's not so bad as it might have been," said Mary. "My dear girl," I said, "the experience is

ing." I said. "That's the advantage of wet | with my society, although we had only been left hand, particularly the third finger and of Blair's Sermons. Don't you think they will be nice light reading to while away a rainy day?"

> gone a walk. It is such a nuisance. Isn't the smoke horrid?" rather like it, though it is cheky." At all costs I was going to be uproariously | night-do, there's a dear!" happy. It was miserable, but I couldn't break the heart of my little woman by tell-"Do you hate the country, Tom dear?" Mary asked, as she served up more ham They have ham and eggs at every meal in Derbyshire, except dinner; then they

ing. You see, it makes such a nice, misty. weird sort of haze, quite Whistler-like, and

"Well, that it wasn't so nice after all." We went and had a look at the cows. It's a proper thing to do at a farmhouse. Mary pinned up her skirts and I wrapped fun jumping them. The cows were not interesting. Besides I got my coat covered with cobwebs and whitewash by rubbing against the wall.

Mary thought it was so very instructive to watch the cows. I said it was, though did not appreciate the remark. "I wonder if they like being chained up like that?" said Mary. "I don't think would like to be chained up; would you?" "Well, I might if I were a cow."

"But as I suppose you're only We went back to that low-roofed sitting room with the china shepherds on the Mary yawned. "This is so different from other honeymoons," she said. "Yes, it is," and I yawned, too 'What are you yawning for?" "I wasn't yawning. It was you."

"I'm sure it wasn't. Oh, I wish I had

something decent to read," and Mary

"It's not so bad as-" "But, of course, I don't regret we've

"Oh, what a lot! But I don't think we will spend it all here.' know; we've been married a little time that, considering we have only to pay thirty bob a week for the rooms, and it

> "We would have spent a lot more if we had gone to-to Paris, and-and Switzerland, and-and Italy. "Rather! We would probably have wanted another cheque. "Is it—is it really very beautiful in—in "Oh, the skies are so blue, and the air is

> so balmy, and everything is so-Mary closed her eyes and sighed again. wrapped in mist, and-and when it rains.' "But you really like this the best?" Mary inquired, with a little touch of woe in her "Oh-er-well, it's different, you know."

"Yes, it is different." I was bored. So was Mary. Like other bored people we pretended to be perfectly enchanted. So that there might be no mistake we said every twenty minutes that "Yes, it is; but this last summer we made it was really very delightful, and that not for worlds would we-It was the dinner that did it!

Mary had during our engagement seized many opportunities to admonish me on the "That's much the best thing to have | thoughts I gave to food, on always wantdone. Isn't that the house peeping just over | ing tasty dishes and expensive wines and -and always dining in an extravagant way in restaurants when I ought to be ing our honeymoon I would place the feeding arrangements in her hands. Mary told the farmer's wife that we wanted to live very plainly; that we wanted just what people in the country had. She knew it would be ail right. There was boiled bacon and broad beans for dinner!

> I looked at the dish. Mary looked at me, dejectedly, I think. "There's evidently no soup," I remarked. "No. Perhaps they don't have soup in

"Will you have some boiled---" "I really don't feel hungry, dear, thank you," said Mary. 'How strange, neither do I. You don't think you could manage---"Oh, no, I abhor bacon."

"And I hate broad beans!" I twirled my thumbs, and Mary played with her glass. Then she hung her head, and afterwards I saw her fumbling for her handkerchief. At last, what I had expected. She burst into tears. "My darling," I exclaimed, jumping up ney, but I suppose its acause there's bin and knocking over the dish of beans, "what "Oh. Tom, dear, I-I know it's all my

"Our coming here. I was silly to think it would be-be nice." "Oh, it's charming, except that-ered. It was a pity about the roses and the into the room. "Except the smoke," I said. "And the bacon," added Mary, smiling through her tears.

"Of course, if you think that, after all, "It's not that, Tom, but I thought you might feel a bit lonely if it continues to-"I don't mind it in the least," "But it might keep on raining, mightn't

"Yes," I said, "it might." "And then-then you would be sorry, perhaps, you hadn't gone to-" "No, I don't think so."

"But you would like to see Italy again, wouldn't you? You know, dear, I would do anything, make any sacrifice rather than

"Yes; oh, yes!" "You know, Tom dear, I like, I love the country, but-but it has struck me I might be selfish in wanting you to-to-. I suppose it wouldn't be very much trouble for us to go on to Italy?" "We could go to-day."

I wanted to start that moment, only "We'll go this afternoon," I declared.

"Will we?" and Mary clapped her hands. "I'll soon get ready. But the farmer folks Here in my PRIMAL chamber, dusk and IT IS ALL GONE-the hope I knewwill think us strange." "I don't care-

"Hush, sir! And you won't have any ba-"No; it's cold. I paid for a week's lodgings and we caught the London express that afternoon. When our respective aunts heard from us we were in Paris. bound, honeysuckled cottage." I muttered The flick'ring jet becomes a chandelier;

The plaster wall like polished opal glows. the second afternoon under the trees at the Cafe Cascade. Mary was sipping lemon squash through a Because, no matter whether near or far, couple of straws, and she nodded her head. "I suppose you felt a bit dumpy down in "Oh, no, I didn't," said Mary, tossing her "We'll be able to have a good day's read- | head, "but I saw you were terribly bored

Warm little heart, which Sanskrit students "It'll be a capital joke among our friends when we get back. Your country cottage and my reading of 'Maud,' you know, Within whose throbbing chambers there "No, I don't. I thought we might have among the wild roses and the-the-" "Oh, Tom, but you would never be such brute as to tell anybody! I would never "No. I don't think so." I lied; "indeed, I | forgive you if you did. And-and you might take me to one of those dancing places to-(Copyright, 1904.)

New Verbs Needed. The St. James Gazette, of London, thinks there is a need for certain new verbs. "We want," it says, "popular verbs for several operations introduced by modern science. "I love it, and especially when it's rain- The X-rays, the Finsen treatment for lupus, the operation of radium for cancer, and what not-what are the words for "I'm so glad, for I was beginning to be these? A man is guillotined or hanged; his leg is amputated; he is trepanned. What is it when he rayed, Finsened, radiumed? We still want a wireless word. 'Marconigram," which was suggested, seems to have died a natural death. What is the synonym for telephone when one speaks over the inmy mackintosh round her. There were a struments to which a phonograph is atnumber of lakes in the yard, but it was tached? And have we finally agreed that 'motor' is the verb to travel by automo-

The Sea..

ome down with me to the moon-led sea, Where the long wave ebbs and fills-Are these the tides that follow As the lunar impulse wills?

Nay, rather this is the heart of God. Naked under the sky, And we hear its pulse with wonder— The shore, and the clouds, and I! Eternity framed in clay,

The urge of exhaustless passions

Rocking beneath the gray! Its life is the blood of the universe Through cosmic arteries hurled, With the throb of its giant pulses God feeds the veins of the world!

Best Marksmen in the World Aboard the Battleships of the United States

Uncle Sam's Naval Gunners Surpass in Skill @ Those of Every Other Nation...Men Behind the Guns Are Trained to @ Hit the Mark

the battleship Missouri, following several other similar but less vessels, has served to dim the enthusiasm of Uncle Sam's peerless naval

which superstition has declared to be "hoodooed," but the gunners, who are intellectually the pick of the enlisted men of the navy, have by no means lost faith in the big guns on America's floating fighters, and neither are there any symptoms of a waning interest in target practicethe practical training which, while costly, has given the Yankee men behind the guns their new prestige as the best marks It is the firm belief of nine-tenths of

the seamen on American naval vessels that the success of the Japanese in the naval war in the far East is due to Yanthat nobody but gunners trained on ships flying the stars and stripes could shoot as straight as the Japanese fire has been shown to be, and, indeed, there is some ground for their suspicions, particularly in view of the fact that many gunners are known to have deserted from our ships i Asiatic waters just prior to the outbreak

While Uncle Sam's gunners have but recently attained their supreme prestige

Gun Drill on Board a Man-o'-War

Sphinx Lore Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingen ious Kind for the Leisure Hour

[Communications for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Me.]

ROBERT.

Of tenderness and truth, and naught un- 20 cents remaining. Dick, equally gener-

their father?

hind the guns" from the ignorant, ill- makers.

disciplined foreigners of a century ago

979.-LIFE'S TREASURES.

980.-REVERSAL.

A poor verse-monger whom nobody

write of life and love, and light and

Meanwhile forgetting all my pressing

For wheh I think of you, my lady dear,

Or sun or cloud, or sky of rose or gray,

know how true in deed and heart you

To this poor, halting love of mine, al

The FINAL, seat of intellect or mind,

981.—CHARADE.

"Here is my TWO," said TWO; "now pay

And though I know it should be paid,

982.—HIDDEN PLANTS.

(How many hidden botanical words?)

again to Lilichen's cheeks. They are so

ments to show how we have photographed

Lucy mule riding; and also at the moment

she whipped Uncle Sam as he jumped a

rill. What fun! Give Parker Nelson's

They decided to take Panther, the cat.

Kind and obtuse she always is, excepting

panic. Lee will race me if I will, and bark

when I spin Esther around in play. They

all went in a car pell-mell. The mules

started at a goodly rate, but they did not

alarm the driver, who filled his mouth with

tobacco. "Roll along," said he, as he

pulled on the line. 'Are we to have a

carpet, a line, and a tub?" "Erelong" ma

Pa Vonpelt ate German cheese. "Thou

hast a terrier dog to pet, Alice," said ma.

Just then a wasp or erratic hornet stung

her leg. "Um!" escaped from her tightly

"O look at the style of that horse: and

to spit hard at Lee and rush at him in

cap, Su. Leave it alone, Di-skip.

mentioned, "we will need them."

The Vonpelts decided to camp out one

"Beauty," said papa, "will come

"No. dear," said ma, "they are

We will give her album entertain-

NELSONIAN.

The full amount you owe;

'I must admit," the other said,

"That what I owe is ONE.

Is to present you my ONE-TWO.

I cannot wait another day,

Nor further favor show.'

Yet it must longer run;

In my financial strait.

The very best that I can do,

And ask you still to wait."

This wretched room into a palace grows,

knows.

cheer.



Gun Pointing in the U. S. Navy

nent. The secret of the efficiency of the | trician, a student of the principles of steam American naval gunners is undoubtedly

SHOOTING STRAIGHT.

The knack of shooting straight, particularly that highly specialized ability which enables a bluejacket to train a heavy gun ipon a moving target and hit it nine times "But, of course," I corrected myself sud- as dead shots with the biggest weapons, important "rapidity of fire and accuracy of future gunner's work is divided under denly, "it isn't nearly so nice as a little their development has been going on for aim" begins as soon as he enters the navy, three heads-task, subject and log. For

983.-PALINDROME.

And owned it ev'ry bit,

With many a silver mine,

With cities here and there,

And Chinese by the score!

To own so big a State;

So very rich and great.

As all my own to-day,

I think, but do not know,

984.-ANAGRAM.

A hope that brimmed and bubbled o'er;

hoped that WHOLE would disenthrall-

And shattered strew the blazoned wall!

hoped the WHOLE would free the land

From grief and crime and purple woe,

Where streams of liquid vengeance flow;

My cherished hopes were all in vain,

Alas! it stays its double hand.

And still the midnight oil burns on-

Still TOTAL swings on golden hinge-

Without a hope, IT IS ALL GONE!

Still taxed and tanned the toilers cringe

985.-ARITHMETICAL.

from their father, and then he had only

ous, gives to Tom and Joe as much as they

session. Finally Joe gives to his brothers

986.-RIDDLE.

Remove my head, though I have none,

No magic, yet, when this you've done,

987.-DECAPITATION.

Now, as a whole, I'm incomplete,

No leader have, but will you greet,

Without a head.

I have a head.

Two I despise, and those who're wise

No one whose mind is well inclined

Whose hearers tire and squirm with ire

Their tongues let loose, with words profuse

ANSWERS.

Row, roar, roast. 8. Fee, fear, feast.

Will carefully avoid it;

Has ever yet employed it

It is the tool of many a foo

Religious TWO is with a few

They seek lost souls to win.

That deal in sham pretense:

Are ONE in common sense

962.-Climate (climb-eight).

967.-Summer vacation days.

those tailed logs are podagrical pigs! Ap- 968.-1. Maxim. maim. 2. Rowe, roe.

JANET. 979.—Spider.

ples, too;" "Now we are at our journey's Mink, ink. 4. Plan. pan. 5. Well, we.

963.-Taught, naught.

And many cranks are in the ranks

They're full of whine, but I opine

The most besetting sin:

And ranting agitator,

RETLAW.

R. E. L. J. L.

NELSONIAN.

now have, leaving only 40 cents in his pos-

With villages galore,

It doesn't just me

O, *A* I I*A*O

I do not care to be

I'd give it all away.

Alas! its sparkle cheers no more,

With settlers everywhere,

What I would do with it.

With many a golden strand,

With farms both large and fine,

With mountains tall and grand.

I surely do not know

O. *A* I I*A*O,

engineering, and a man of thorough practo be found in their training, of which tical and theoretical knowledge of high the constant practice before mentioned, is explosives, torpedoes and submarine mines. Since 1882 the United States government has maintained regular schools for its gunners, where the men not only acquire all the knowledge that may be learned from books, but also get practical object lessons in the ordnance factories, where our heavy weapons are manufactured. The course proper is not a long one, only seventeen weeks being consumed, but it

printed questions, ranging in number from fifteen to sixty. Opposite each question is set down the place where the information may be gained-whether in shop, driss, books, or from the instructor. Each question the ambitious sailor must set down in his log book, writing the answer out in full. He is marked on the completeness and correctness of his log. REGULAR EXAMINATION.

Every Monday morning the gunnery class undergoes examination on the work of the preceding week and each student is rated according to his individual showing. The "task" portion of the programme of instruction consists of the assignment to the jackies of work to be performed where the manufacture of naval ordnance is carried on. For instance, a pupil may, shapers and milling machines, and not only knows their uses, but is able to use them himself. Guns are also taken apart and reassembled and the name of each part learned. Blue prints are likewise introduced, and the seamen taught the rudiments of technical draughtsmanship. The young man who aspires to be a gunner works hard from 8 o'clock in the morning until 4:15 in the afternoon, six days a week. but at the end of his four months' course he is able to go into a shop and renaval authorities are wont to declare I to do with the work of pointing and disproduce any portion of a gun that has been broken. Then follows another three that the development of the "men be- charging Uncle Sam's most potent peaceor four months of study-this time at New-The man behind the gun in the United port, R. I., where the young gunner tackles to the alert, patriotic, skillful young sail- | States navy at the dawn of the twentieth the subject of electricity and high exors of the present day has been far more century is not only a seaman, qualified plosives, particularly with reference to remarkable than the improvements in by a regular apprenticeship in the navy, torpedoes and submarine mines. ships themselves and in armor and arma- but is also an expert mechanic, an elec-

When a young gunner who has graduated from Uncle Sam's school takes up his duties on a man-of-war, he can do almost anything with a big gun except shoot with it. Just at first he is not allowed to do this indiscriminately, for ammunition costing perhaps \$500 per round is not to be lightly thrown away. The difficulty thus presented is solved by what is known as subcaliber practice. That is, a small gun is placed with a big weapon and practice starts with firing at a small target placed at a reduced range. When a gunner becomes sufficiently adept to manipulate a twelve-inch gun inclosing a one-pound weapon so as to hit a six-foot target at 100 yards with the small projectile, his superior officers usually believe that he could be trusted to hit a full-sized ship a mile distant if the small gun were removed and he was allowed to fire the full charge in the big barker.

LIKE ACTUAL BATTLE. An effort is made in all drills and target conditions approximate as closely as possible those of actual battle. Twice a year every ship in the navy has full caliber practice at the targets with ordinary shells and full charges of powder. In this practice some remarkable results have been achieved. The targets are usually rectanguar sheets of white canvas seventeen by twenty-one feet in size, mounted upon floats. The guns are fired from a distance of from 1,000 to 2,000 vards, with the ship moving at a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour. On the battleship Alabama. recently, a thirteen-inch gun-the largest size weapon in the navy-made two hits And not a ray the gloom breaks through! in two minutes at 1,000 yards, and on the battleship Wisconsin the gunners of one of the thirteen-inch weapons recently Would free, would lift, unyoke, unchain; made nine hits out of ten shots at 1,700

yards. The government is doing everything possible to stimulate good marksmanship in the navy. A first-class gun-pointer for one of the larger size guns is allowed \$10 per month in addition to his regular wages, and other gunners receive proportionate extra pay, while all have a chance at special prizes offered by Uncle Sam and by the officers of the various war vessels. Not only is accuracy of aim being cultivated in our navy, but the gunners are being trained to the utmost celerity of movement, and no time is tost in any branch of the opreations. Uncle Sam is spending more than a million dollars a year on A gentleman divided \$2.40 among his naval target practice, but there is no questhree sons, but generous Tom gave to his tion that the "burning up" of this money brothers as much as each had received

> WALDON FAWCETT. [Copyright, 1904.]

is producing splendid results.

Lutherans of New York. as much as each one has, and they are pleased to find that financially they are There are fourteen different bodies of equals. How much did each receive from Lutherans in New York, with 125 ministers. There is now a movement toward uniting these churches in practical work.

> STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

HAVE AT LAST FALLEN VICTIMS TO MIGHTY SCIENCE

Thousands have given up in despair after having doctored for years. To those we make the following offer: Cut

out this advertisement and send it to us together with your name, address, and particulars of your case. On receipt of your letter, we will send you an order on your druggist for a full-size bottle of Milks'

Remember this is not the usual small sample bottle given out by medicine companies free, but our regular full size 50-cent After taking the first bottle, you will

then be able to judge for yourself of the merits of Milks' Emulsion. We will then 964.-1. James Thomson, 2. Charles Lamb. give you a written guarantee, backed by 3. Dean Swift. 4. Charlemagne. 5. Loveyour druggist that Milks' Emulsion will cure you of Stomach trouble or Consting-966.-1. Bean, boar, boast. 2. Lee, leer, tion. Can you ask for more, knowing that least. 3. Toe, tore, toast. 4. Mow, Moore, most. 5. I, ire, iced. 5. Ye, year, yeast. 7. you can have your money back for the asking if Milks' Emulsion fails to cure you. If you have pever tried this wonderfu remedy, cut out this ad to-day and mell

Haute, Ind (L 8)